MY LOVES AND MY LOVERS

Samuel Pierce Merrill

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My Loves and My Lovers

BY

SAMUEL PEARCE MERRILL

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PREFATORY.

This book of verse goes out in response to the often exprest wishes of "o'erpartial friends." But for them it never would have seen the face of type. Among these friends I may be permitted to mention Professor Edward M. Bowman, President Charles F. Meserve, LL.D., Mark D. Stiles, Esq., and Attorney Odell D. Tompkins. The little volume asks to go to friendly eyes and sympathetic hearts. Its chief value lies in the responses it makes to other lives that have been touched in the passing of the years. Many of those who are named, or not named, are gone, and live but in fading memory, except for these pages. Many who share the spirit of the song, will live on long after the singer's voice is hushed to silence. Like the murmur of the chords which ever answer to the passing breeze, these verses are vibrant with friendship and love, and shall be until the lines fade from off the printed page.

Friends that are gone, friends that abide, to you the author dedicates these pages forever and aye! His faults your mantle, Charity, will cover.

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My Loves and My Lovers

Woman.

O woman! thou wert born so fair
To strew life's stormy-fretted road
With flowers bright, and shed an air
Of purest innocence abroad.

Thou dost man's dearest thoughts beguile;
They own thy wondrous power to guide;
And dearer is thy loving smile
Than all the wealth of earth beside.

Would'st yield thy treasured beauty rare—
Or barter it for prize of dust?
Earth's greatest worth were buried there
And thou wert traitor to thy trust.

Rochester, N.Y., July, 1854.

Cupid.

Cupid! Cupid! what an urchin!
Always gliding around the earth,
Always weaving others trouble,
And always laughing, full of mirth.
Tell me where thy court is found?
Who shall next by thee be bound?

Tell me where was forged that arrow—
Piercing thru the heart and marrow?
Tell me where I 'll catch thee sleeping,
Fays around thee vigils keeping?

Tell me why thy power 's so charming,
Linking hearts, all fear disarming,
Nor caring whether high or low
Shall feel the power of thy bow?

Ah, me! Thy archery, how mean!
Our hearts are pawns with thee, I ween.
Whom you pass, we write them stupid—
Rougish, laughing, dimpled Cupid.

Rochester, N.Y., November, 1854.

Our Willie.

Sleep, little babe, sleep on so sweet,
Pillowed beneath the sod;
Our earthly storms pass o'er thee fleet,
For thou art with thy God.

Like some bright star seen in the skies—
That sheds one beam of light,
Then twinkles faintly out and dies—
So sank ye from our sight.

Buds in Springtime ope their flow'rs,
Tho Winter long hath chilled;
So graves shall people heav'nly bowers,
Tho but with dust they 're filled.

Mt. Hope, Rochester, N.Y., 1855.

The Winter's Grave.

Old Winter had reigned with his icy wand,
Had crystaled the sea and frosted the land;
His limbs were chilled and his heart had grown
cold,
And his blood ran slow in his veins so old.

By his side walked forth in his joyous might
A youth whose powers had never known blight ;
And a happy sight was this trusting pair—
The Old one was leaning upon the Fair.

Old Winter, worn with his toilsome reign,
Grown old in care and racked with pain,
Upon the beauteous head of the Spring
Bequeathed him his crown and folded his wing.

Thus came the sunshine and mantled the rain,
The emblems of joy and of fevered pain ;
And Spring, as he mourns for the Old Man's
death,
Now raises aloud and now calms his breath.

And Nature so fondly the dewdrops gave
To spangle them over the Old Man's grave ;
The rainbow's light in the heavens she bent
As the Old Man's glorious monument.

Thus, when you welcome the buds and flowers—
The beauteous sights of Springtime bowers—
Know you full well how that each one again
Tells also the joy of the Young King's reign.

Rochester, N.Y., May 27, 1855.

The Little Wife.

O, if you had a little wife,
Winsome, good, and full of life,
And she were only all your own,
Would you frown when she would smile?
Would you wish her ought of guile?
Could you let her be alone?
Would you? Could you?
If you had the dear wife, would you?

When she 'd come to cure your sadness
With her face all lit with gladness
And perchance a kiss,
Would you anything refuse her?
Would you ever want to lose her?
Would you take it aught amiss?
Would you? Could you?
If you had the dear wife, would you?

If she had increased your pleasure
By adding now and then a treasure,
Do you think you would complain?

When with joy you 'd go to greet her,
And she 'd blush when you would meet her,
  Could you from a kiss refrain?
Would you? Could you?
If you had the dear wife, would you?

And would you wipe away her tears?
And would you drive away her fears?
  Would you love her always more?
Would you sit and read her features
In the charming little creatures
  Playing just within the door?
Would you? Could you?
If you had the treasures, would you?

Rochester, N.Y., May, 1855.

Our Life.

I saw a lake, no ripple to break
  Its mirror-surface o'er;
Reflected, a star, bright gem from afar,
  This magic lakelet bore.

Here frailest boats the light zephyr floats
To music of the waves;
From ocean cells come bright sentinels
Where each light skifflet laves.

Gliding along to murmuring song,
These barks were on the wing;
With a starry sky and with white sails high,
No anchor th' floaters fling.

The storm-king loud, in his chariot cloud,
Came whirling on the blast;
And many a boat nevermore could float
When the wing of his ire was past.

And as I gaze thru the cloudy haze,
The sunbeams on the lake
Seem scattered and few as spangles of dew,
And soon away betake.

And such is life! 'T is ever a strife
Between sunshine and rain,
And each frail bark neath the wavelets dark
Must soon or late remain.

Rochester, N.Y., July 10, 1855.

Florida's Hills

(Montgomery County, N.Y.)

Old Florida's hills, where the winter wind chills
And dances in power and glee,
Where the snowflakes lie, like its own hills, high,
With memory's glance I see.

And the Mohawk's flow, with its ice-burden slow
Which it bears to the Hudson away,
And the village just seen thru the mists between,
They glisten before me today.

From the tall hillside, the prospect so wide
Stretches fair away to the view,
Where homes below, with smoke curling slow,
Shelter hearts that beat warm for you.

And the forests look gray with their burdens of spray,
As they bear their unwonted fruit,
When the waving green fields to the icy garb yields
And the thousand-tongued summer is mute.

And pure is the light from the snowy fields white,
And free sweep the winds o'er the plain;
But hear me today, for my boding fears say
I never may see them again.

A letter to Jennie A. Stanton, February 5, 1856.

The Friends.

I saw two clouds that, riding high,
Were gliding thru the summer sky;
They came and went as birds that play,
Now hovering here, now far away,
Till, sporting thus, they sailed so near
That both in one more bright appear.

I saw two drops leave their high home
And come to'rd earth's domain to roam:
Like leaves they fell, nor caring where,
So they but left the chilly air,
And on a rose they fell and met.
Go seek them there. You 'll find them yet.

I saw two strangers drawing near,
In converse close they soon appear:
Say they the clouds unite together,
And drops, too, meet in stormy weather;
Then why should we so lonely stray?
Thus meeting, they are friends today.

Rochester, N.Y., February, 1856.

The Bouquet.

I 've a pretty bouquet
On my table today ;
I 've had it these two days or so ;
And the leaves as they fade
Whisper, "All was but made
To bloom, and when brightest to go."

And the quick-flashing eye
All sightless must lie :
The high-beating heart must grow still ;
As the flowers decay,
So one passeth away.
The fairest is blighted with ill.

E'en the sunshine must fade,
And dark shadows be laid
On the earth, and so on the heart ;
And the quick falling rain
And the teardrop of pain
Do their work, and then they depart.

Rochester, N.Y., June, 1856.

Ode to the Genesee River.

In beauty and grandure thou glidest along
Thru the pleasant green vallies and city's dense throng —
Where the bright emerald banks the clear water laves,
And thy music is sweet, for 't is made by the waves.

Long ages thy waters had busily ran
Ere thy beauty was scanned by the proud eye of man;
As thy torrents have rolled o'er their rough, rocky bed,
Nought reflected the waves but the gems overhead.

The heart of the red man has throbbed with true joy,
As he taught thy sweet name to his innocent boy;
And the fair Indian maid has heaved many a sigh
When her hopes passed away, as thy waters flow by.

I 've traced my river! my sweet Genesee!
Far back where the wild bird singeth out in his glee;
Where the flowers unplucked gem the mossy, green
banks,
And their fragrance, upwafted, to heaven gives thanks.

I' ve seen the pure spring whence thy first courses start,
Where the high rising hills for thy clear waters part;

And with pleasure the purest I look upon thee
E'en wherever thou windest, O my sweet Genesee!

I 've gazed from thy banks where the water falls deep,
As if, worn with its journey, it seeketh for sleep;
And in fond meditation while straying by thee
Have I seen fairest visions, my sweet Genesee!

Rochester, N.Y., August, 1856.

Kiss Me If You Can.

I met her in the evening
When the stars were shining bright,
And her eyes were soft and lovely
As if dancing with delight;
And I sat me close beside her,
And I took her hand in mine,
And she said, "You must n't, Willie."
I held it in a closer twine.

I put my arm about her,
'T was just to hold her still;
And she begged that I would leave her,
Shyly, as you maidens will.

And she frowned a pretty frown,
  And she said she knew she 'd cry ;
But I thought she did n't mean it,
  I did n't really b'lieve she 'd try.

But soon I drew still nearer —
  And my lips were closely prest
To the place where Cupid bids them
  Find their sweetest place of rest.
O, how she blushed and started !
  And she tried to get away ;
But the struggle was n't fearful —
  'T is thus the lasses do, they say.

Anon I rose to leave her ;
  Said she, "Willie, don't you go."
Whispered I, "You bade me do it."
  "Well," said she, "Willie, you know
I did n't really mean it,
  And you yet may hold my hand,
And may put your arm about me,
  And may kiss me, Willie, if you can."

Rochester, N.Y., October, 1856.

The First Snowstorm.

The wintry wind blows chill and drear,
The Autumn leaves are falling near,
And all is fading, fading here.
It is the first snowstorm!

The birds afraid are flying far,
And hushed their songs of gladness are,
And summer sets her waning star.
It is the first snowstorm!

The winter comes with storms and snows,
And colder still the bleak wind blows;
But pleasure comes, tho beauty goes,
With this the first snowstorm.

It tells the year is growing old;
His heart is chilled with coming cold,
And silv'ry grow his locks of gold.
It is the first snowstorm.

Rochester, N.Y., November, 1856.

Sowing Precious Seed.

Go, sow my seed! the Lord hath said.
Upon the waters cast thy bread;
It shall return thee double store,
And heap thy head with blessings o'er.

Tho sown in tears, thou 'lt reap in joy;
The angels envy such employ.
Then forth to work! Gird on thy sword,
Thy shield, thy buckler, God's own word!

Sow thou in hope, nor do thou faint,
God's arm shall guard the weakest saint;
Thy tears are bottled, and thy sighs
Before His sight as incense rise.

The battle is not to the strong.
Have patience! though delay be long.
God's own good time shall bring the right—
We walk by faith and not by sight.

Rochester, N.Y., December 18, 1856.

Music in the Breeze.

Sweet, when summer winds are sighing
O'er the fields and thru the trees,
To list the thousand voices hieing
Of Music whispered by the breeze.

Sweet to watch the evening gather
When every scene seems born to please,
When fragrance floats from every heather —
O, then there's music in the breeze.

Pleasant, by old ocean waiting,
To watch the white foam of the seas:
To see the winds the waves awaking,
And list the music of the breeze.

Alike when morn or evening reign
Upon the waters and the leas,
Are voices whispering sweet again —
There's music floats in every breeze.

Upon the craggy mountain's peak
Whose snow-capped height the trav'ller sees,
As in the vale or desert bleak,
There's always music in the breeze.

Rochester, N.Y., December, 1856.

Peace, Be Still!

A silv'ry lake was rippling music's trill
As rode a light boat o'er its blue tide dark.
Ought petty fears man's quiet breast to fill
With such a pilot and so good a bark?

But soon the tempest madly shows his rage;
The wild waves toss them rudely by;
No presence now their gloomy fears assuage
As gleam the lightnings from the stormy sky.

Awhile they shrink in pallid fear away,
(Despair hath seized them as its choicest spoil,)
Forgetful that their Master, sleeping, lay,
Faint with his watching and grown weak by toil.

Now Peter, bolder than the others came
To pray his Master that He yet would save;
New faith was added to the feeble flame,
He took the strength the willing Saviour gave.

Christ rose serenely from that tossing bed
And gazed complacent on the troubled crew;
No bitter admonitions then were said,
His loving heart their sore temptation knew.

The light'ning, issuing forth its sheets of flame,
And winds obeyed the Saviour's mighty will;
The waves like silv'ry brooklets then became,
For lo! He bade the storm a "Peace, be still."

So shall He ever, when the storms of life
Beset thy pathway, leaving darkness there,
Calm all the fevered soul's impassioned strife.
The holy secret is, be oft in prayer.

He 's ever near thee. O forget him not,
When fortune smiles and woos thee by its charm.
For, when temptation comes, thou 'rt not forgot:
'Tis Jesus keeps thee by His pow'rful arm.

He 'll guide thy bark thru every changing wave,
Alike when sunshine comes and bleak winds chill.
Fear not! the fiercest storms thy life can brave,
At last He 'll bid them all a "Peace, be still."

Rochester, N.Y., January, 1857.

An Album Dedication.

Reader, here behold a "vase,"
Waiting for thy kindly gift.
Sweetest flowers cull and place,
Buds of beauty and of grace,
And no blight shall e'er efface
Their sweetness.

Cherished ever shall they be,
Their freshness never vanish,
Ever dearer unto me
As with swiftness time shall flee;
And I will remember thee
Forever.

Flow'rs are pleasant in the Spring,
And fragrant in the Summer;
Flow'rs in Fall and Winter bring
Most pleasure. Pleasant offering!
Dearer these as time shall fling
Age's snows.

Rochester, N.Y., January 17, 1857.

Memories.

I would not, O no, I cannot forget!
Fond memory's sunny and holier days,
Tho the sun that has lit them forever be set,

Yet their twilight, still ling'ring with mellowing rays,
Sweet reflection with happiest vision displays.

I would not, O no, I cannot forget!
When affliction with direful wing draweth nigh,
O'er the scenes of the past we shall stay with regret;
Tho foreseeing the storm in the threatening sky,
We may tearful look back to the bow that 's passed by.

Ye memories! sure, I would not forget!
As the trav'ller haileth the cool shady bower
Where the rippling fountains with emerald are set,
So away from the noon-heat of life's busy hour
There 's a welcome retreat in thy gentler power.

I would not, O no, I cannot forget!
Tho joy like a river my heart should o'erflow,
These fond scenes of the past will be lingering yet;
And their pleasures increase as they come and they go,
Still outshining the present with sunnier glow.

O memories sweet! the kindness they show
From hearts that are living and loving, in dream,
While those accents I hear and those footsteps I know,
Tho each feature the fainter and dimmer may seem,
They will bless me and cheer me forever, I deem.

Rochester, N.Y., March 16, 1857.

Love's First Kiss.

The joy, the joy, of love's first kiss,
When heart meets heart in raptured bliss!
How thrills the life-blood in the breast
When lip meets lip together prest.

Could man with his poor puny hand
Reach forth and grasp time's fleeting sand,
Almost he would that hour might be
His life thru all eternity.

What joy, what concentrated bliss,
Is held within that love's first kiss!
Methinks the gods might envy well
Th' ambrosial breath of such a spell.

Then pleasure's cup with joy o'erfills
When love's first kiss the warm heart thrills.
Ah, pleasant languor! passion sweet!
How quick'nest thou the pulse's beat!

Rochester, N.Y., 1857.

Life.

'T is evening, and sweet peace doth reign
O'er quiet Nature's broad domain.
Music charms the dark'ning hour
In accents winged with gentle power ;
And thus in pleasure's thrall I live,
Since naught but pleasure these can give.

Lo ! I dream beside a river,
Where the wavelets leap and quiver,
And bubbles, rising in their spray,
They bursting, fade and die away ;
In ceaseless motion are they tossed —
Each rises, sparkles, and is lost.

Man 's the bubble floating past,
Gilded bright, but fades at last ;
Short the passage, frail the sheen,
Th' engulphing waves he sinks between.
O life ! thou art a smile, a tear.
Now art thou, and thou are not here.

Rochester, N.Y., October 25, 1857.

The Glass Steam Engine.

Not greatest, the latest
  This subject we class.
No dream is the theme
  Of our measure today.
We would sing you a song
  Of an engine of glass:
But far better than we
  Shall it sing its own lay.

Not duty, but beauty
  Hath captured at length,
Nor brass, but in glass
  Do I labor unseen;
The might of the whirlwind
  Do I boast as my strength,
While slav'ry and freedom
  I struggle between.

They wind me and bind me
  In fetters of brass,
Unheeding, pleading
  Thus to view the gay world;

But e'en here may I smile
From my palace of glass,
With haughty defiance
My proud lips are curled.

I 'm ready, and steady
I tread my smooth way,
Jarring nor marring
The keenest eye sees ;
And the colors I wear
As the rainbows are gay ;
The star spangled banner
I fling on the breeze.

Rochester, N.Y., December 19, 1857.

Invocation.

As Editor of the "Caduceus," of The Pithonian Literary Society.

How shall I touch so sweet a harp
As poesy has e'er possest ?
How shall I kindle with my song
Whom Pitho's witching voice hath blest
And Delphi's oracle imprest ?

Be you invoked, ye tuneful Nine!
And grant unto my measure
The words that melt, in verse divine,
And wrap our souls in pleasure.
Be mine to touch the ech'ing strings,
With faltering hand, I ween:
For beautiful thoughts and beaut'ful things
In vision bright are seen
With solemn ones and sad between.
Quaint visions, too, athwart me pass
In astral-like procession;
And how to tune my song for each—
Muses, hear my confession!
Grant me your intercession.

There are joys more dear to the soul
Than lie in the guinea gold!
There are notes of sweeter control
Than ring of the metal cold!
The treasures are mem'ry's trust,
And the tones are friendship's own;
For mem'ry hath its diamond dust
And harp of the silver tone.

Rochester, N.Y., 1857.

To Annie, the Little Beauty.

My fancy brings many a vision
Of loveliness, beauty, and grace;
But never have charms so elysian
Been dreamed of as dwell in thy face.

I 've pictured the spirits of eld,
The fays in their sweet coral caves;
Naught so fair as thy form I 've beheld,
Nor thy grace, like the flow of the waves.

Thy brow than the lily more fair,
And thy cheeks than the rose-tinted shell,
While thy voice an Aeolian air
Seemed to breathe, as its silv'ry notes fell.

How sparkles thy soul-thrilling eye
In beautiful setting reposed,
And thy pearly teeth half hidden lie
'Neath rosy lips fondly enclosed.

Dame Nature her bounties hath strewn
Broadcast o'er the land and the sea;
But she 's culled the best for thine own,
She 's lavished the rarest on thee.

Rochester, N.Y., August, 1858.

Reflection.

Ah, once again reflection brings
  The feelings of the past;
And the softest roseate hues she flings,
And beauty flashes from her wings —
  Why do ye fade so fast?

Stay, stay, bright visions! Never more
  Shall lures so sweet be given!
No sigh, nor tear, life darkened o'er,
And Hope her sunbright pennant bore,
  Beautiful and unriven.

The world seemed truer, then, than now —
  We knew it not so well.
The potent years have taught us how
Th' unflinching heart and manly brow
  Must meet deception's spell.

And memory's measures, lo! the ease
  With which to-night they flow.
What sweet-voiced harmonies are these,
Like spirit notes from spirit keys,
  Soul music, soft and low?

The joys we have together shared,
Th' exchange of friendly feeling:
O thanks that Time at least hath spared
These fruits of friendship unimpaired,
Nought of the good concealing!

Rochester, N.Y., 1858.

The Class Song, 1858.

Here let us pledge with beaming eyes
The mutual bonds we bear;
As brothers by no common ties,
No common love we share.

CHORUS:

For College days gone by in joy,
For College days gone by,
Shall ever live in mem'ry true,
The College days gone by.

The joys and fears, the smiles and tears,
The hopes that lamp our way,
Again we vow to share, "my dears,"
And ne'er the trust betray.

We 'll take a cup o' kindness, then,
For those we know are true,

Who side by side, undaunted men,
The good and true pursue.

When far apart, this golden tie
With lustre bright shall shine,
Recalling oft the days gone by,
The days of "auld lang syne."

University of Rochester, Class of 1858.

Phonography.

Far back in time let the spirit sweep
To the days of ancient art,
When Painter's hand and Sculptor's keep
The music of the heart.

When the Poets tuned their lyres so sweet,
And the eloquence as well
Quickened the tireless pulse's beat
With the Orator's spell.

And men thus sighed for the pen of fire
To capture the gems of thought —
The heavenly sprite that prompted desire
Gave not the art they sought.

For the coming days and coming years
I reserve the pen of light ;
Toil on thru effort and thru tears,
The boon shall greet thy sight.

And so she fled, but in after times
She hath stirred the thought again ;
While Memory kept the book of rhymes,
The Monk usurped the pen.

But anon the Press with glory shone,
And our word and speech at last,
Into a thousand voices grown,
Whispered the secret vast.

And straightway hands with eager zest
Caught the accents of her tongue,
Tho' many a heartache and test
Fore'er remain unsung.

Phonography, in these days of steam,
When the lightning flashes by,
Writes our thoughts like vanishing gleam,
And reads them as they fly.

No more the gold of our words shall rust,
But the beauteous gems of thought

Shall turn anon to diamond dust,
By art of penman caught.

The little elf, that her task is done,
Has taken again her flight,
To bring, when sands of need are run,
Another and better light.

Rochester, N.Y., October, 1858.

Baffled Hopes.

Where are the hopes that have never been realized —
Hopes that were born but to wither and die,
As beautiful flowers that rise 'mid the desert,
Or mirage that greets the wan traveller's eye?

Gone! like the hour that gave them a hearing;
Gone! like the bubble that floats on the wave;
Chased by still brighter that dancing before us,
All, all have now gone to the same common grave.

Fled! like the heart's most sweetly tried pleasures:
Like roses that blast while they're gaining their birth;
Or like the fond child which the parents most cherished,
When seeming the dearest, then snatched from the earth.

Rochester, N.Y., 1858.

Witches In Your Eye.

She 's a very pretty maid,
Is this winsome friend of mine,
With her eyes so deeply blue
That you 'd vow they were divine;
But when I tell her of it.
Then she only makes reply—
"O witches! witches! witches!
They are dancing in your eye."

She 's the most bewitching curls
Ever saucy maiden shook;
Her voice is soft and soothing
Like the murmur of a brook;
When honestly I tell her,
How provoking the reply—
"O witches! witches! witches!
They are dancing in your eye."

And she has the sweetest lips
That a lover e'er did taste;
I kiss the very fingers
That have stolen round her waist;

I tell her of my worship,
  But she only says, "O fie!
I know I see the witches,
  Dancing in your roguish eye."

I caress her rounded neck,
  And I pinch her blushing cheek,
And coax the pretty dimples
  That are playing hide and seek;
When telling e'er so gently
  Of the heaven when she 's nigh —
With pretty pout she answers,
  "Ah! the witches in your eye."

I know not if she loves me
  And I dare not ask the sprite;
Whenever I am near her,
  Resolutions take their flight;
Now is n't it provoking
  That my heart will be so shy
Because the hussy taunts me
  With the witches in my eye?

Rochester, N.Y., 1858.

On a Picture.

I 've the sweetest little picture
Of my darling one, my own ;
And it whispers, " Pet, I love you,"
As I view it here alone.

And I press it to my bosom,
And I clasp it closer still,
And I cover it with kisses —
Aye ! and worship it I will.

Do not chide my fond devotion ;
For a thousand scenes of yore
Kindest mem'ry ever bringeth,
As I view it o'er and o'er.

When I press it, though 't is silent,
And adjure it as I may,
It doth only smile upon me —
And I sadly turn away.

And there are the jetty ringlets,
I, in fond dalliance toss ;
But they yield not to my pressure,
As I press the glass across.

And there, too, the matchless eyes are
Laughing wildly, full of glee;
But they glance not half so loving
As I 've seen them do on me.

Perfect! aye, in every feature—
All that 's beautiful I view,
Gathered in this fairy picture—
In this picture, love, of you.

Rochester, N.Y., February 1, 1859.

A Valentine.

I 'm yours, be jabers, me honey,
And willfully too, I 'll avow;
Better than jewels or money
Would be just such a nice little frow.

There 's a snicker dwells in your eye,
And it plays the de'il with my heart;
And not even Kilkenny cats vie
With the music your swate lips impart.

And troth! now you must, by me soul,
Make oath you 're me darlint divine,
Or I 'll put you the quicker in goal,
Is the vow of

Your Own Valentine.

Rochester, N.Y., February 18, 1859.

Music.

Dedicated to Della Spaulding.

The body here enthralls the soul,
  And wields a tyrant's power ;
In vain it struggles to be free,
Its clipped wings all powerless be,
  Its eyes eclipsed from day.

But God hath given moments here
  When one by one the clouds
Lift from the leaden skies o'erhead,
And heaven's beams serenely shed
  Light what the carnal shrouds.

Few windows hath the captive left
  By ill's destroying power,
But now and then it hears a note
Come floating from some angel throat
  That frees it for an hour.

Music ! how it can thrill the heart
  To gentle influ'nce giv'n ;
What melodies, what sweetness, roll,
Ecstatic murmurs, thru the soul !
  O, 't is a taste of heav'n !

Supremely blest who feels its charm.
Borne on its rising wing,
We seem wrapt in celestial fire,
And hear the echoes of the choir
That with the seraphs sing.

Rochester, N.Y., March 12, 1859.

The Bible.

O wond'rous book! What treasures lie
Within this ample scroll!
Th' inspired Poet sweeps his lyre,
Its music fills the soul.
Jehovah speaks, and, silence-awed,
We tremble at His voice;
The Saviour hence in mercy looks,
And heav'n and earth rejoice;
The Prophet views within the veil
God's plans as they are willed;
The great Apostles, ages on,
Proclaim them as fulfilled;
Law and Mercy here are met,
And promised Peace is found;
Pardon and Grace and Love from God
Immeasur'bly abound.

Rochester, N.Y., April, 1859.

To Mollie.

Go with our blessing! We but wish thee well,
Though loath to have the ties of friendship riv'n.
A bond more sacred draws thee, then farewell!
Be thine the bliss of union heaven-giv'n.

Go with our blessing, bonnie bride, and know,
Whate'er befalls thee in this world of change,
One heart with friendship-flame shall softly glow
True unto thee till to itself grown strange.

Go with our blessing! Who could wish thee ill,
Thou child upon the threshold of new life?
Kind Fortune! suffer not her hopes to chill,
But be she e'er as now, a loving wife.

Her heart hath known its sorrow, — whose hath not?
'T was but the presence of a cloudy night,
For lo! the dawn has come, and O! the morrow
Shall ever be as now begun, all bright.

To Mary Streeter, Rochester, N.Y., 1860.

Engaged.

Ah, me! thought I in my younger days,
No lassie my heart shall share;
But I 'll sun my wings in their beautiful rays,
And drink in the breath of the fair.

But fortunate gifts are the meed of all
Whom the gods delight to cherish,
And the hours came on with kind footfall
That bade my resolves to perish.

A sweet, soft voice has a charm for me.
Two eyes, with beautiful vision,
Look down in my heart that is sworn to be
Those dear eyes' true elysian.

The bonds I could not brook to be borne,
By some strange fascination
I gather them now, and clasp me round
In fondest conjugation.

To be engaged! O, who may sing
How lonely is life's wrestle,
Till the dove of love folds its beautiful wing
In the ark of the heart to nestle.

To be engaged! Delightful thus,
'Mid wooing and caressing,
To plan the joys of a wedded bliss,
A future fraught with blessing.

No shade to tinge the glowing scene,
No sigh of sly distrust;
But a magic rapport two hearts between
Till dust returns to dust.

'T is glorious freedom to be engaged
When hearts are warm and loyal;
The lonely toil is the unassuaged,
Imparted joy is royal.

Carlton, N.Y., February, 1862.

Battle of Fredericksburg.

Sad is the wail from a nation's lips,
As the tale of strife is told;
And we count the brave who have found a grave
Beneath Virginian mold.

The gallant men of our army came
To the river's brink that day;
While the shot and shell so thickly fell,
Yet stoutly battled they.

One hundred o'er the river of death
Swept on to the thither shore;
And they captured or slew a murd'rous crew,
And trophies homeward bore.

Then swift the fatal bridges spanned
The tide of the dark river;
On each loyal brigade moves, undismayed,
They blanch not, nor quiver.

So roars the battle. God from heaven!
Why bursts not a fiery breath

To scatter the traitors, the freedom haters,
And lay them prone in death?

On move our men so bravely that day,
And smile at the conflict dire;
But few return from the waves that burn
That fatal plain of fire.

In vain they charge up the blazing crest
From out the deadly valley;
As the storms of lead and iron sped,
They sank no more to rally.

Till darkness came on and stayed the tide
They bore the unequal strife;
Not an arm had failed, not a heart had quailed,
For their country was better than life.

Written just after hearing of the battle.
Baldwinsville, N.Y., December, 1862.

Lines

On the Death of Deacon Lewis Denny.

Kind was the heart that 's chilled,
Pleasant the voice that 's stilled,
Sadly we grieved.
The husband, and father too,
Faithful and fond and true,
Ah ! how bereaved.

The light of religion glowed
Warm in his life, and flowed
Out to the view.
Friend of the poor was he,
O'erfull of charity,
Tender and true.

No more on earth we 'll meet
Him whom our love would greet
Still, as of old.
But our fond hearts recall
Memories dear, and all
Precious as gold.

Under the summer sky
There the dear dust doth lie,
Waiting to rise.
Summer is always where
Christ and his loved ones are,
In Paradise.

Carlton, N.Y., October 1, 1863.

The Unknown Dead.

Sleep on, ye dead, who sculptured are
In Liberty's high temple-niche;
No storied death of bard or sage
Doth so earth's honor-scroll enrich.

Sleep on, ye dead! Your blood shall be
The call to millions who shall go;
They listen to your voice of fame,
The sweetest music they can know.

Sleep on, ye dead! But ever near
Their whispering lures are on the breeze;
High words of hope and heav'nly cheer—
These sacred dead can offer these.

Sleep on, ye dead! Be ours to hear
The storm of shot and bursting shell,
To keep the flag ye shrouded wear,
Defending which ye bravely fell.

Brave spirits these! God knows them well.
Ben Adhem's fault their fault hath been:
Their flag, and honor too, they loved,
And e'en they loved their fellow men.

Sleep on, ye dead! God marketh where
The sparrows fall. We leave you now,
Calm be your rest! No battle-pain
Shall wrinkle o'er your pallid brow.

To live as ye have lived, for man,
And with the patriot's meed to die,—
Your dust in honor more than bronze or stone
Shall sleep in glory's temple high.

Arlington, District of Columbia, 1865.

Love and Duty.

O Lord of love, thy love is life to me.
How safe am I within its sheltering arms!
If thou wert angry, whither should I flee?
But thy love frees me from life's rude alarms.

It knows no changes, mingles no alloy,
Moves ever with me as the days I spend,
Allays my sorrow, multiplies my joy;
It shows no weakness, as it has no end.

When rudely beat the storms about my way,
How blest the heart of my true Lord to share!
No shadow-cloud can e'er eclipse my day,
No harm befall me while He keeps me there.

Let duty call me, then, though dangers lie
Thick as autumnal leaves about my path;
From duty's post the faithful never fly,
The true to Christ no peril ever hath.

Adams, N.Y., September 10, 1873.

Beauty Brown Eyes.

Ah, me ! what are eyes that they dazzle us so,
Glinting into our hearts as they come and go ?
Is color their magic, black, hazel, or blue ?
I cannot say surely it is not. Can you ?

My eyes that are beauties are marvellous brown,
With richness of lustre and softness of down ;
And each changing glance gives a variant hue.
Who knows how the glances can charm us ? Do you ?

Sweet eyes, full of witches, thrill me with delight ;
Sweet eyes that I love set in opaline white ;
Brown eyes and long lashes with soul looking thru.
Is soul what enchants us ? I say not ; do you ?

My beauty brown eyes, full of soul, full of fire,
Speak softly of love and are fond with desire.
The womanly heart of these eyes that are true
May tell what has charmed me. I do not, do you ?

Whenever I meet them, in country or town,
The blue eyes or black eyes, or hazel or brown,

If the beauty brown eyes be mine, then for you
Be the black eyes that flash, or the blue that are true.

If the brown eyes look scorn, my heart rings alarm;
If friendly they turn, it responds to the charm;
If the old light dies out, hope dies with me too;
If it gleams, it says the brown eyes are for you.

Adams, N.Y., September 15, 1873.

Courage.

Courage! The world is on wings! Don't you see?
Today its dark shadows may flit over thee,
Tomorrow its face shall gleam like the sun.
Whisper this to thy heart, thou sorrowing one.

Courage! The world is on wings! Don't you know?
Today for others true pleasure may flow,
But tomorrow, to those who can wait for the cup,
The joy shall be deeper for waiting. Cheer up!

Courage! The world is on wings! Art dismayed?
It cannot keep bright eyes always in shade.
Pray and believe, and your light, to be sure,
The longer it waits, will the longer endure.

Courage ! The world is on wings ! See it go !
Its movement the tried spirit deemeth but slow.
Yet blessings divine are worth all they can cost,
And patience in waiting on Christ is not lost.

Waterville, Maine, January 16, 1874.

Myrtie.

I 've a vision sweet to tell you,
Of an angel discovered below,
Fairer and sweeter than "Christabel"
As we saw her in "long ago."

She came when the birds of summer
Were singing their sweetest lays,
When the flowers grow fair and lovely
And the light-winged zephyr plays.

She came as the angels come,
At the twilight hour of day,
With a footstep light as a fairy
And a heart like the sunny May.

She 'd a brow as fair as the snowdrift,
And her eyes were soft and blue,
And you 'd thought she 'd woven the sunbeams
In her ringlets of golden hue.

But soon we missed our Myrtie,
And we sought where the bird had flown ;
Alas ! the flower was fading,
The prize we had thought our own.

As the bright leaves fade in the autumn,
And the freshest blown roses decay,
As the birds of the summer fly homeward,
So Myrtie was taken away.

And we buried her there in the valley
In the twilight alone,
And the grass is green above her,
And the flowers are sweetly blown.

And they say, as often homeward
The workman bends his way,
That he stops by the grave in the valley
And bows him low to pray.

And a thousand blessings daily
Are left by the passing few
On Myrtie, the daughter of sunshine,
Who went like the early dew.

Rochester, N.Y., March 7, 1880.

Twenty-fifth Anniversary, Class of 1858.

At the Class Tree, University of Rochester.

Thus sang my Muse, May day of "'58,"
When gathered here this sapling tree we set;
Tho' time has reft us, we now meet elate
To sing and say our oldtime blessings yet.

So flew the years, as hours flee;
Today we 're met, in genial, merry mind,
Around this firstling of a giant tree,
Perhaps to leave it evermore behind;
Telling who set, who love it, and who ever,
While time shall spare us, with unwavering power,
Shall hold in mem'ry till life's bond shall sever
The recollection of this pleasing hour.

A few more years, and, like the autumn leaves
Down falling by the early frost,
Our manhood days in ripened sheaves
Will be all gathered. Not one that 's lost
Will e'er come back to claim its right.
And so we part, some here, some there,

To float life's fretted sea a night,
(As waifs are lifted by the rushing tide,)
Ere comes the day eternal, ever fair.

Busy care shall thus consume away
These healthy frames; the flush of strength
Be changed into life's feeble beat, and the gray
Participators in this scene at length
Shall lay life's burdens at the Master's feet,
'Round God's great tree of life again to meet.

Five years and twenty, with their logic stern,
Have wrought wide changes in our youthful band.
Hopes kindled high have ceased to burn,
And garlands fair have turned to ropes of sand.

Dear classmates, still, whatever fate we 've met,
Our good we laud, our failings we forget,
While those brave men who to the summit climb
We honor well and glad their praises chime.
But five and twenty years again shall pass,
Then where shall be these brethren of our class?
God knows! God bless us, and God speed us all,
Till at His throne our lifted crowns shall fall.

Rochester, N.Y., July, 1883.

Sniggles, the Squirrel Island Cat.

One day in July, — how quick the months fly! —
In Bath, on the wharf, Sniggles met us.
With a tear in her eye and a sorrowful cry,
She said, as we looked, "Come and get us."

And "Please let me come to your dear island home,
And swing in your hammock and play;
You shall laugh at my plights, and I 'll sleep with
you nights,
And down on the rocks we will stray.

"I will take from your dish either meat, milk or fish;
On the table I 'll walk if you 'll let me;
When the cunners you hook, I 'll go with you and
look,
And I 'll eat till you whistle and get me.

"In the brave 'Tirzah Jane' we 'll glide o'er the
main,
The taffrail I 'll walk while we sail;
Strange islands we 'll see, but you 'll never lose me,
My attachment to you shall not fail.

"When westward you go, I will follow you so
I am sure you will take me along;
By steamer or rail, I 'll be good without fail,
And I 'll sing you my cosiest song.

"Pretty tricks I will play — on your hand I will lay,
But you 'd better look out for my claw;
With a bright looking face and a quick moving grace,
When you feed me I 'll give you my paw.

"Little kits you shall see, just as cunning and wee,
With colors all matching my own;
And I 'll leave you to care for these orphans so fair,
While you bury me here all alone.

"My life, bright and brief, only ended in grief;
Many thanks for your kindness I give.
In your memory hold your Sniggles of old;
With you it was pleasure to live.

"In the pear-tree shade, where I often have played,
Let my grave be tenderly made;
In a pretty lined casket (is it too much to ask it?)
Your Sniggles would gently be laid."

Rochester, N.Y., September, 1885.

In Memoriam — My Parents.

Rev. Moses Merrill and Eliza Wilcox Merrill his wife.

Where join Missouri and the Platte,
  Far from the white man's cot,
In quest devoted and sincere
  These heroes cast their lot.

A trackless prairie blossomed there,
  The red man roamed the wild
To them they brought the truth of God
  As father brings to child.

In school and church he labored well,
  In wigwam or the chase ;
His word, his work, his life he gave
  To save a dying race.

Ta-pooth-ka — "Man who speaks the truth,"
  This is the name he won ;
They trusted him, believed in him
  And mourned when life was done.

In hope and faith he breathed his last,
And by the river sleeps.
The wife and orphan left his dust
Where God the vigil keeps.

The wigwam, and the red-man, too,
Give way to scene more fair;
Memorial bell at Plattsmouth rings
This good man's call to prayer.

Servants of God, at peace you rest;
No perils now are yours.
The work ye wrought for others' good
For others' good endures.

Mount Vernon, February 10, 1909, and
Plattsmouth, Nebraska, 1889.

The Vigil for Our Dead.

Mount Hope.

How many hopes lie buried here
  Our Maker only knows;
Their presence makes the place as dear
  As perfume makes the rose.

The years sweep by with steady tread,
And crowd the roll of sacred dead.
When we, who knew and loved them well,
Have passed to where their spirits dwell,
Ah, who will earthly vigil keep
Where our darlings sleep their sleep?

Rochester, N.Y., June 23, 1889.

Our eldest born, Edward Wentworth Merrill, Telegraph Editor of the Rochester Daily Herald, died at twenty years of age, May 21, 1886.

Love's Dream.

Was it a dream that love is found
A rapture pure and sweet,
Where hearts in bonds divine are bound
And love makes life complete?

I dreamed it thus in youth's bright hour;
My idol won my heart;
But life despoiled the marriage bower,
And bliss and I must part.

My dream is vanished in despair,
My hopes to ashes fly,
As garland flowers, light as air
In faded beauty lie.

Ah! wilful was the hand that clave
That cup of joy so pure;
That spirit selfish as the grave,
To leave love's heart so poor.

Not all a dream! not always so!
Some lives with joy are light,
Some homes with all its radiance glow,
Some hearts with love are bright.

Rochester, N.Y., December 3, 1890.

My Wedding Violets.

For Clara Henrietta Thacher and Francis White Stedman.

Fresh flowers bring for bride so fair,
Violets rich and lilies rare;
With him she weds the roses share,
The brave, the debonair.

The perfumes precious richly send,
And odors sweet in plenty blend,
While happy hearts their joyance lend
Till love and life shall end.

Let music breathe its trancing spell,
And brightest notes of promise tell;
Of joy's emprize and sorrow's knell
The pealing organ swell.

These words be violets that fall,
Be flowers, perfume, music-thrall,
While heart weds heart in marriage call,
Christ's blessing over all.

Rochester, N.Y., February 13, 1893.

"She hath done what she could."

Lines on the death of Mrs. Caroline Shuler Woolverton, wife of George Alonzo Woolverton, of Albany, N.Y.

Ah! cold grows the form, and dimmed is the eye,
And palsied the hand is for aye;
And hushed is the heart and stilled is the breath,
The tenant is passing away.

Not there is that soul in the casket so drear,
Not there where death has its day;
But that life and that mind an eternity find—
Thou shalt meet them in brighter array.

How swift is the flight of industrious years
Since these on the voyage of life,
With banners of hope and garlands of love,
Set sail as husband and wife.

How holy the ties of such marriage become!
How happy the heirs of that love!
Best of mothers was she; saddest mourners are ye—
Till ye meet her in heaven above.

Squirrel Island, Maine, August, 1894.

Mine Run, 1863,

And Captain Silvanus Shuler Wilcox, of Albany, N.Y.

His college sent him forth
One of her honored sons;
Soci'ty labeled him
Among her favored ones.

Business had offered him
The choicest of her gifts;
Love had rewarded him
With the hope that uplifts.

War-clouds were low'ring then
Our country's life to blast;
Heard he the nation's call,
His Rubicon was passed.

Captain they chose him well,
As able he as brave;
Yet Fame but offered him
A patri't's early grave.

Mine Run was where he fell,
The sacrifice in vain;
He said, "My mother tell,
I'd give my life again."

'Gainst a tree they propped him
When slowly life had fled;
His men that cold hand grasped,
Their last "Good-bye" was said.

Retreating, they left him;
The tears were on their cheeks.
Another life for man
God's honor-roll bespeaks.

My Lifetime Friend.

An Acrostic.

George was true — this friend of mine,
Each trust in life he deemed divine;
One who in honor none excel,
"Right" was the word he loved so well;
Gain seemed the evil he would shun,
Earth 's better for the work he 's done.

Low he lies in soil he tilled,
Buried where his days were filled;
Envy could not curse his soul,
Nor revenge his heart control.
Tell me, ye who knew him well,
Ought that life in lethe dwell?
"No," a thousand answers tell.

Our Squirrel Island Song.

Dedicated to the Ladies' Society of Squirrel Island, Maine, and Professor Edward M. Bowman, A.G.O., F.C.M.

O island of evergreen verdure !
Our bright summer home by the sea !
Thy breath is all balmy with flowers,
Thy woods waft their fragrance so free ;
Thy rocks glisten white o'er the waters,
A welcome of joy to our view,
And, grateful, thy sons and thy daughters
Lift o'er thee the red, white, and blue.

Here Hope lights anew her proud beacon,
Here Health waits again evermore,
Here Friendship renews her fond greeting,
Here Rest lures us safe to thy shore ;
Thy waves lapping music before us,
Fair isles and bright skies in our view,
Sweet songs of the birds floating o'er us
As we raise here the red, white, and blue.

Here Memory holds her fair treasures
Of Fellowship, Truth, and of Love ;

And brightly they sparkle around us
As the stars in the azure above.
Here aged and youth stand together,
Pledging "Squirrels we 'll ever be true,"
With glad hearts and voices uplifted
As we float here the red, white, and blue.

Squirrel Island, Maine, August 8, 1894.

One of the Few.

Miss Clara Peck.

'Mid the many and the lowly
There she had her humble birth;
Only angels knew how holy
Was this child who came to earth.

Where the busy throng was thickest,
Where was poverty and crime,
Where the pangs of want were quickest
There was found this soul sublime.

Vainly wooed this love or other;
She would share the nobler strife,
T' help a widowed, struggling mother
Rear her children up to life.

What if fell disease should take her!
What if wage and life were lost!
This were only aim to make her
Proud to die at such a cost.

So she sleeps, and this the story;
No one sees the grave she shares.
Now God's angels speak her glory;
She 's found honor unawares.

Died June 5, 1895, aged thirty years.

Mabel Adams' Call.

Patter the feet along the street,
Ring the schoolward voices clear;
Let the coo and call of the schoolmates fall
On the eager listening ear.

Whose feet shall chill, whose voice be still,
Of these who pass your door?
The brightest of all and sprightliest call
Are the ones we hear no more.

O call divine! O loved of thine!
Sounds heaven's charming voice;
The school-books fall, and earth-loves all
Are left for her Saviour's choice.

She seeks His arms, she speaks His charms,
Death has no terrors now;
To Him she flies, with Him she dies,
His "new name" on her brow.

In visions fair we see her, where
To heaven she brings us nigh;
Her call rings clear to loved ones dear,
As it did in the days gone by.

Rochester, N.Y., October 15, 1895.

Mabel Adams, the little daughter of Dr. and Mrs. Myron H. Adams, of Rochester, N.Y. She left them for the Lord she loved, in February, 1895, and her school-girl call ceased to echo on the street.

A Dedication Hymn.

God of our Fathers! here we raise
Our hymn of lofty, grateful praise;
All glory Thine, Eternal One,
Almighty Father, Spirit, Son.

To Thee our tribute-blessings throng;
Thy love and favor claim our song;
Our cheerful hearts give thanks and sing
The mercies of our God and King.

This house with all it holds be Thine!
Gifts of the heart, gifts of the mine.
We dedicate it, Lord, to Thee!
Seal it forever, Thine to be.

Claiming this temple for Thine own,
Here make Thy gracious presence known;
While sermon, organ, voice, and prayer
Thy power and blessing ever share.

Written for and sung to the tune "Duke Street" at the dedication of the Baptist Temple, Brooklyn, December 1, 1895.

The Star of Bethlehem.

Far off in Judah's ancient city,
Bethlehem old,
There rose the star of hope and pity
By prophecy foretold.

CHORUS:

So we hail thy rising splendor,
Star of hope to earth!
Heaven's love for us so true and tender
Heralds abroad its birth.

Once angel words and angel voices
Brought men to see;
Now every heart that trusts rejoices,
Star of the Heavens, in thee.

Faith finds in thee its light of beauty,
Star, star divine;
Bright looks the thorny path of duty
Wherever thou dost shine.

Bright stars may kindly glow and leave us,
This still shall shine;
Fond hopes may often here deceive us,
But nevermore will thine.

See how that beauteous star is beaming,
Wider the sway,
Till we in heaven's glory gleaming
Enter the perfect day.

Written at Squirrel Island, Maine, for the Baptist Temple Sunday-school, Brooklyn, N.Y., at the request of Prof. E. M. Bowman, Musical Director. Tune, "Swanee River."

Dedicated to

The Cecilian Choir, of Newark, N. J.

Prof. E. M. Bowman, Leader.

By the far-sounding sea, Saint Cecilia, to thee
We make this memorial shrine;
Rock-ribbed and eternal, spruce-crowned and supernal,
Fair patron of Music, 't is thine.

Happy pilgrims are we, o'er the wide rolling sea,
To thee our devotions aspire;
As with chorus and song thy praise we prolong,
We 're thine own Cecilian choir.

And we bring thee the fame we have shared in thy name,
'Mid pleasures no palace could mete;
And the work we have done and the badges we 've won
We lovingly lay at thy feet.

For thy memory, too, to each other we 're true,
And our leader we follow the more;
And here oft may we be at this shrine by the sea,
This choir and leader galore.

Squirrel Island, Maine, August 13, 1895.
Sung at the Memorial Rock dedication, by the choir.

To My Daughter Mary.

On her Birthday.

Sweet babe, by heaven sent,
How could'st thou be content
With us to dwell?
Realms full of cheer there were,
What could we offer her?
Answer and tell.

Now graced with womanhood,
Trained in the true and good,
Forward she turns;
Life's battle must be won,
Life's duty must be done,
This she discerns.

Shrouded in myst'ry grand,
She may not understand
Where duty leads;
But from true courage bold
Naught can the prize withhold,
'T is Worth succeeds.

When she to heav'n returns,
And home again discerns
Bright as the sun,

With her may many stand,
Led by her loving hand,
Her duty done.

Rochester, N.Y., January 15, 1897.

In Memoriam.

Death, death is here, so waxy pale.
How dwells such strength in fingers bold,
To seal your boy and bear him hence,
And make that warm young life so cold?

His plate no more is waiting laid,
His empty chair stands now in vain;
His pillow finds no impress there,
His voice, his step, come not again.

His last good-byes to friends are said,
Life's reveille for him is o'er;
His lessons done, vacation days
Verge on and on forevermore.

The plan of God unveils to thee,
Parents with mind and heart distressed;
Say thou, "He doeth all things well,"
And trust divine shall fill thy breast.

His life "with Christ in God is hid,"
So yours beneath His sky may be;

Your lamb within the fold is safe,
His tender Shepherd leadeth thee.

Let not a gloom dim all thy days;
Two suns shine on this world of ours:
The brightest, "big with righteousness,"
Shall cheer thy way with heav'nly flowers.

Gordon Merrill, the son of Prof. and Mrs. Forbes (University of Rochester, N.Y.,) died December 24, 1897.

A Morning Hymn.

When morning wakes and shadows flee,
O may we, Lord, abide in thee;
No care can then our spirits blight,
Thy hand our guide, thy smile our light.

Should sorrows rend and sins distress,
If us thy power and love shall bless,
No pangs can harm, no sins allure,
For thou art comfort, thou art pure.

Tho' Satan's darts could sorely wound,
If in thy grace our souls are found,
Thy love shall our sure refuge be,
While Satan with his darts doth flee.

Squirrel Island, Maine, July, 1898.
May be sung to "Hursley" (Sun of my Soul).

Shaw is Marching On.

We are gathered here, my comrades, in a battle for the Lord,
He has given us commission and we dare not break His word;
To save our race and people is the call that we have heard,
And Shaw is marching on!

Professionals are arming with the law and gospel too,
Our Medicals are skilled enough to show what they can do;
With grace and health and order, our race is coming through,
For Shaw is marching on!

The College with its phalanxes of men and women brave,
Armed with the torch of learning, goes where error would enslave,
And ignorance and superstition quickly find their grave,
When Shaw goes marching on.

The school-house, too, is looming through the hazes of the east;
As the sun in splendor rising, so its light shall be increased;

For the Normals are not wanting to Shaw's life-giving feast,
As Shaw goes marching on.

And Estey lifts her pean — true and noble would she be;
The Daughters of Salvation, their nation's growth to see;
The homes of all their people enlightened, pure, and free,
While Shaw goes marching on!

CHORUS:

Glory, glory, hallelujah! Glory, glory, hallelujah!
Glory, glory, hallelujah! Shaw is marching on.

Shaw University, Raleigh, N. C., 1899.
Charles Francis Meserve, LL.D., President.

The Bowman Drama.

In Vermont, they allege,
Are the farms set on edge,
Where they till both sides if they can.
Here lived, I am told,
A farmer so bold
He was called by his neighbors — Bow-man.

One episode thrills
In that home mid the hills,
  If episode it could be called ;
Little Edward, they say,
Looked out on the day,
  But as soon as he saw it he squalled.

His training came early —
His temper was curly,
  'T was just the same as his hair ;
On his mother's knee, Oh !
Lay this little rain-Bow,
  And her slipper just fitted him there.

With that early bent,
What music he sent,
    Like Handel, the master sublime !
Tho' no Bow she drew,
'T was the tap of her shoe-
  Piano on his organs kept time.

When he grew to a man,
He sought "Mary Ann,"
  Her Bow as gay as a prince ;
For Cupid's sharp arrow
Cleft clear to the marrow,
  And the man 's been her Bow ever since.

Now, dowered for life,
Fond music, dear wife,
At his call St. Cecilia comes down ;
With the love of his art,
And the love of his heart,
What wonder he wins such renown !

Then came little Bess,
The sweet Bowmaness,
And the home seems completed at length ;
So this birthday we hold,—
May he never grow old,
But the Bowman abide in his strength !

Squirrel Island, July 18, 1899.

God's Mystery.

'T was here, in stately Rome,
Earth's capital so great,
That thou laidst quickly down
Thy youthful life elate.

Fond teacher of the way
To heaven's gate so near,

Thou foundest it thyself,
Thine entrance gate was here.

A pilgrim from the land
Of God's most favored race,
In this old home of Paul
Thy footsteps found a place.

And as he entered bliss
From out these mountains seven,
So thou didst find the way
From here, from Rome, to Heav'n.

That spark so quick and bright,
So dear to many a heart,
Kindled by life divine,
Why should it thus depart?

God knew the mournful tale,
And Wisdom cannot err;
God took him, and He is
His own interpreter.

Church, parent, wife, and friend
Alike may mourn their loss;
Their problem hard is solved,
They bear today Christ's cross.

So, softly, tears may fall
In sorrow's bitter cup;
God's rainbow spans them all,
Life's storms will all clear up.

Written in Rome, Italy.

The Rev. George F. Love was pastor of the West Baptist Church, Oswego, N.Y., and was among the most efficient of the younger ministers in the State of New York. He was stricken with contagion in Rome, and after two weeks' illness passed away in 1901, leaving his young wife, Mrs. Harriet R. Love, alone in a strange land. Consul-General De Castro and Dr. Taylor's Missionary family came grandly to her aid.

In Memoriam—George Such.

In far Algiers, on evergreen-crowned heights,
God's acre fronts the sea;
There sleep the dead in sunny peace at last,
For-e'er to be.

On Afric's headland, circling to the bay,
Under the light blue skies,
Mirrored anear in splashing waters blue,
There 's where he lies.

Life's bond of kinship had in him their round
Of husband, sire, and son,
And love's fond thoughts shall follow him afar,
Beloved one.

Long was the road from health to where he fell,
The journey ever brave,
And well contested vict'ry death can boast
Upon his grave.

The rest for which he sighed is his henceforth,
And pain can rack no more.
Farewell! God send they all may meet again,
When life is o'er.

Algiers, March 5, 1901.

From Sahel to the Sea.

In Afric', land of sunshine and of story,
Where the blue waves lave a rugged shore,
Where cities rose and fell, and pirates gory
Ply dread and savage orgies nevermore,—

There rise the Atlas, and, beyond, the valley
Lies rich in blossom, corn, and wine;
The "pass" that links them, where the mountains rally,
Is "Chabet," dark and grand, almost divine.

So from the headland of my life I 'm viewing
The long fair valley that my feet have trod,
Content to know the path that I 'm pursuing
Leads thru a "Chabet" to the sea and God.

I 've watched the joys of youth and age a-gleaming
In Holy land and land of poet's song;
In love and friendship and in art a-dreaming,
The joys of all of them to me belong.

What matters it that friendly climes are chilling,
That pain, disease, and weariness combine!
With heart still brave and with a spirit willing
I 'll live for those who love me and are mine.

So forth I look: and there, in picture beaming,
Are childhood, manhood, fatherhood, for me;
'Mid Afric' flowers and sunlight brightly streaming,
Life limns my pathway from Sahel to the sea.

Algiers, March 19, 1901.

Notre Dame d'Afrique, Algiers.

Far out upon the waters wild
The keen-eyed sailor, sweeping by,
Discerns a dome, a templed shrine:
'T is Notre Dame that greets his eye.

He knows that there, on "Holy day,"
Whate'er the cares of life may be,
A prayer is said and blessings made:
That blessing greets him o'er the sea.

So I, upon the sea of life,
'Mid storm and peril pressing fast,
See "Notre Dame," my mother's face,
And know her love is o'er me cast.

Whate'er my lot, where'er I be,
Her love and thought attend my way,
And on life's verge she prays for me,
And blessings greet me day by day.

God bless her! keep her! help her, too!
Make grateful her declining days,
Till, like the temple by the sea,
She 's glory-crowned in sunset rays.

Algiers, March 29, 1901.

Athens and the American School.

Who loves thee not, has never known
Thy pride and power and wond'rous lore!
Who loves thee not, has never seen
Thy sunny skies and welcome shore.

Thy flowers that bloom in beauty wild
Are set in poet's amber verse;
Thy trees that lift their leafy arms
Ten thousand fairy deeds rehearse.

Who stirs a leaf, who picks a shell,
Who lifts a spade or turns a stone,
Awakes some glory of the past,
In storied beauty all its own.

From out thy rocky caves there troop
Those satyrs, gay with flute and dance;
And from thy fortress peering down
Are seen the phalanx all a-lance.

There Cyclops walled, Hephestus toiled,
And Heracles his honors shared;
Athena, grand in spear and shield,
With power and wisdom danger dared.

Art-crowned Acropolis art thou,
In golden glory's matchless reign!
A thousand years of genius live
In fragments on thy scarréd plain.

The whisp'ring winds on Bema tell
How eloquence can lead the soul;
And ruined Dionysus gives
The tragic thunder's stately roll.

Callirrhoe its waters pours,
Illissus' bed the torrent knows,

Hymettus' honeyed hillside gleams,
And Daphne in the sunset glows.

In silence lift those pillars grand
Of Jupiter Olympus' shrine;
And, close, the ruined archways stand
Of Hadrian, named by Rome divine.

O School interpreting this lore,
The shrines are gone, the fanes are dead!
They look to thee to give them voice —
Their priests and priestesses have fled.

So daughters fair, and sons of light
And liberty, beyond the sea,
Climb Mount Parnassus' snowy height,
Quaff Helicon's soft mystery.

Athens, January 1, 1903.
Sent to American School of Archæology in recognition of courtesies enjoyed by the writer. It was read to the school by Professor Richardson January 1, 1903.

The Wedding-Cake.

There's none like "Uncle Sam,"
  Our servant and our king;
On errands great he loves to wait,
  And joy to his children bring.

So here by post I find
  A pretty box all white,
With wedding-cake for friendship's sake,
  Before me as I write.

The cake is made of flour,
  All sugared to the taste,
And stuffed and crossed with fruit and frost,
  And crowned with paper laced.

Such be your life, my friends;
  Life's flower be with you now,
Life's sugar sweet, life's fruit complete,
  Till you wear the frosty "pou."

Squirrel Island, Maine, July 22, 1903.

The Carlton House, Sedgwick, Maine.

The home of Col. Rowland Carlton and Susan Merrill Carlton.

One day agone the house was young,
The wonder of the town;
Its praise admiring neighbors sang,
And great was its renown.

The best the times afforded then
Made up its treasures grand,—
Great rooms, with use and beauty stored,
Were ample at command.

Wide halls and easy winding stairs
Convenience lend and grace,
And sloping downward toward the sea
It showed its massive face.

The master, tall, with fine physique,
The wife, with noble mien,
The children, beautiful and bright,—
What fairer sight is seen?

Their birthplace fond and sacred still,
Their home of childhood fair,
The tryst where lovers told their love,
Where weddings glad the air;

Where cheer and jollity combine
To make the hours fly;
Where host and guest are happy all,
And hearts with hopes beat high;

It has its zenith, grand old home!
Gray hairs bedeck its lords;
Age steals apace, life's music dulls;
Death snaps the tender chords.

The scion, last to leave its doors,
Is borne away for aye;
The shutters close, the walls are dim,
The furniture is gray.

Mementos sad of hands a-dust,
We leave you fondly so,
'Mid echoes ling'ring softly still
Of loved ones long ago.

We leave you thus, O mansion old!
Thou 'st bravely borne thy part;
The stranger step shall greet thee soon,
For thou art "on the mart"!

North Sedgwick, Maine, September, 1903.

My Lady's Birthday.

Nature shows a bleak allure
When roses flee and leaflets fall;
But Nature, then in garner pure,
Is gath'ring beauty for us all.

So, baby bright, you came to earth
When snows were blown and trees were bare;
But ever since you 've scattered blooms
Of sweetest fragrance on the air.

And so we celebrate the day:
Friends love you for your kindness shown,
The stranger gladdens as you pass,
Your loved ones love you for their own.

Fanny Philbrick-Meserve.
Raleigh, N. C., December 20, 1903.

Christ our Chief Cornerstone.

Tune, "America."

Thy gracious Name adore,
Whose blessings evermore
Bring joy and peace.

While angels gladly sing,
Our songs of praises ring
To our Eternal King,
  Never to cease.

Accept our gift, we pray,
Whose cornerstone we lay,
  House for thy praise.
Build, then, this Zion now,
Chief cornerstone art Thou!
Let vict'ry crown Thy brow,
  Ancient of Days!

So shall the lost be found,
So shall the gospel's sound
  Quicken the dead,
Faith guide with heav'nly ray,
Hope kindle night to day,
Love show the perfect way,
  Through Christ, our Head.

Written for the College Avenue Baptist Church, Annapolis, Md., May 18, 1905, and sung at the laying of the cornerstone of the new meeting-house, May 20, and also on the day of dedication. Written at the request of my cousin, George Earnest Merrill, by whose efforts and generosity the beautiful house of worship was made possible.

The Pierian Spring.

Read at the dedication of the Squirrel Island Library building, which, together with the books, was the gift of the Island President, Albert H. Davenport, of Malden, Massachusetts.

Our island of beauty and friendship and health
Looks proud, from her balms and her firs;
For today she 's endowed, not with millions of wealth,
But the "gems of the ages are hers."

O favored of Fortune! bright island serene!
Whose charms make us glad at thy call!
Thou hast a fond lover, who, modest of mien,
Has made thee the richest of all.

With a generous heart and a bounteous hand
He brings thee a knight-errant brave;
Other islands are fair, other islands are grand,
But he makes thee the queen of the wave.

Here the "Squirrel" that came to our welcoming bay
Furled its sails in our safety and rest;
And our "Fountain of Youth" bubbled up to its day
Tho it knew not the worth of its quest.

When the ages had passed, and the island awoke,
One day came these "Squirrels" that be,

And the pleasures they sought, and the words that
they spoke,
Made the island our home by the sea.

So today has been opened a fountain of joy,
To flow while the centuries roll;
And the wealth of its treasures, unmixed with alloy,
Shall bring wisdom and cheer to the soul.

Like the "spring," every comer finds beauteous store,
Each "taste" waits its word of command,
And the Muses are dwelling among us once more
At this fountain Pierian, grand!

Like the story of him who grew daily more kind,
Till his face reflected his soul,
We are gathered to honor the generous mind
That such generous deed could control.

Proud of honors like these, all the "Squirrels" unite
To give to the giver our "toast";
For amid all the "ports" that our State can delight,
Daven-port is the best on the coast.

Squirrel Island, August, 1905.

Better than Gold.

O land of the sunshine and flowers!
O home of the palm and the rose!
Where life, 'mid its soft-moving hours,
Finds bounty and cheer and repose,—

I 've longed to behold thee again
Where fragrance and beauty are found,
Where mountain and valley and glen
With wealths of the ages abound.

So here, when the mountains are passed,
The storms and the deserts have fled,
I wake 'mid thy riches at last
With summer-soft skies overhead.

But better than these, to my view,
After years of longing and pain,
The friendships of eld I renew,
And get back my old loves again.

Los Angeles, California, November 9, 1905.
Referring to the family of my dear friend, deceased, the Rev. L. S. Sands.

The Big Trees!

Ye monarchs of forest and glen,
Lifted high where the ages ye ken,
  Looking heaven aface,
  Holding earthward your place,
Time's sentinel grand ye have been.

For you Nature's world is ajar,
And its wireless messages are,
  Floated down from the sun,
  While the leaves, one by one,
Tell the story of man from afar.

Beside thee the mountains have piled,
And the torrents have chiseled the wild;
  The storm's havoc has wrought,
  Human malice has fought,
While ye waved in peace undefiled.

God's hymns of the ages, so choice,
Out of sunshine and storm ye give voice;
  And the songs that ye sing,
  And the glory ye bring,
Your Monarch and Maker rejoice.

Written at "Big Tree," California, November 13, 1905.

Hawaii, the Beulah Land.

Who knows the wonders of those days of old,
O islands of the mid-Pacific land,
Where Nature reared in majesty sublime
Your cratered mountains and your valleys grand?

Who knows, when drifting o'er a stormy wave,
The shipwrecked trav'ller reached these virgin isles?
Who knows the story of that native race,
Cradled in sunshine, where God's bounty smiles?

Long rolled the year, mid scenes of love and hate;
Ease followed languor as night follows day;
To idols dread were human off'rings paid,
And infant murder showed how wrong held sway.

For God's good bounty hovers over all,
Howe'er the years may seem to linger so;
The idols vanished was Hawaii's call—
His servants hear their Lord's command and go.

So lifts a nation to the light of day;
So Pele's superstitions fade and die;
So kings and princes own Jehovah's sway,
And light divine illumes Hawaii's sky.

In richness now those hills and valleys grand,
Adorned with beauty and with bounty laid,

Offer to all the rights that man has won,
Where God is worshipped and His love displayed.

Fare on, O isles! this beauty-land for us,
Where love of man for man holds widest sway;
Where kindest hearts in Christian charity
Have seen man's day-star, and have led the way.

Ye native sons and daughters of the soil,
Lift high your hopes! Jehovah is your friend!
Seek first His kingdom, and, whate'er betide,
His hand will guide you and His love attend.

No land like this adorns this varied globe,
Where plenty, health, and comfort kindly vie,
Where breeze refreshes, and mist paints the bow,
And Summer — June is its eternity.

Honolulu, H. I., March 3, 1906.

In Memoriam.

Mrs. Sarah D. Bogardus Cheney.

My friend is dead!
And does it mean that never more
I am to see her face and hear her voice?
Those words of dread!
My saddened heart is sick and sore.
It must be! I 've no other choice.

My friend is dead!
Since youth she 's been my steadfast friend,
And kindness, like a shuttle's play,
Wove thread on thread
Of friendly patterns without end:
But they are done this grievous day.

My friend is dead!
Yet Mem'ry's pleasing chimes ring sweet
To greet my list'ning, eager ear.
To heaven she sped,
Her gracious Master's call to greet,
And there she waits us with good cheer.

My friend is dead!
I saw her happy girlhood days,
I wed her to her young heart's love;
When his life fled,
I pointed her to heavenly ways,
And she has found them now above.

My friend is dead!
Nor I, alone, am grieving here:
Her widowed husband feels the blow
And bows his head,
And kindred gathered round her bier,
And friends that knew and loved her so.

Honolulu, H. I., March 4, 1906.

"The Beautiful, the True, and the Good."

A Tribute
To Albert H. Davenport, of Boston, Massachusetts,
President of the Squirrel Island Association.

As falls the rugged oak,
With clangor deep and loud,
Torn from its rooted bed,
Rent by the lightning cloud,

So prone in death he lies,
Sturdy and strong and brave;
His sway of widest scope
Ends in the narrow grave.

His was "the strenu's life,"
'Mid stress of toil and care;
With brain and nerve intense,
And imperious will to dare.

Quiet and wise and firm,
Modest and true and grand,
His was the "simple life":
Born to rule and command.

"Beautiful, true, and good"—
These were the lures he sought,
Alike in his business world
And his realm of inmost thought.

No stain is on his life,
Of honor, trust, or aim;
"Beautiful, true, and good"—
These are his precious fame.

So sweetly sleeps he now,
From pain and care's release;
"Beautiful, good, and true,"
He rests and is at peace.

Arima, Japan, August 30, 1906.

The Thornbush and the Rose.

For the wedding of Bessie May Bowman and S. Raymond Estey.

Aye, men they are rough, with fiber that 's tough,
And needs must be so, I trow;
For the struggle of life, with its toil and strife,
But hardens us all as we go.

So here is your Thorn that looks all forlorn,
Till burgeons its own lovely Rose;
And though sharp it seems, it has beautiful gleams
In the flowers it richly grows.

My friend, the Thorn, to good fortune was born,
For he sports the loveliest Rose;
The world could again seek for such one in vain,
Whose beauty in modesty glows.

This lover fair, and this lady so rare,
Wed like the heath and the heather;
And the strenuous Thorn is no more forlorn,
For Rose and Thorn are together.

When Heaven disposes Thorns and Roses,
Their favor shall linger for aye;
And the breeze or the gale alike they may hail,
For they 'll never wither away.

Osaka, Japan, September 20, 1906.

To the Friends,

Stella L. Parsons and Grace P. Hart.

Did you know that Stella must be gone on some fellow,
For the Hart she has is not her own?
When her Hart goes away forever and aye,
Will she then be heartless and lone?

For one that ne'er marries, what a sweet Hart she carries
Around wherever you meet her.
'T is no Hart made of pelf! 'T is as big as herself.
She 's in luck, you 'll say, as you greet her.

Her Hart on her sleeve! Oh, don't you believe
Such a tale; 't is too wild to receive it.
Her Hart walks around just as strong and as sound!
You see it, and sure you believe it.

E'en her birthday 's a wonder; don't call it a blunder;
Her Hart and herself are apart.
Is she older or younger? O story-tale-monger!
Whoever had just such a Hart?

Squirrel Island, September 5, 1907.

To Georgiana.

O'er the waters blue to far Algiers
I wandered lorn and lone;
Its genial skies and gentle breeze
Gave a welcome all their own.

On its headlands green the palms abound;
Snow-capped the mountains gleam;
And flash the fires of wave and sun,
And the painter finds his dream.

'T was thus that I met my little maid,
Grieved, at her father's tomb;
'Neath sun and shade, the flowers she strewed
Lightened the funeral gloom.

Sweet were her ways, and wise her words
In childish sorrow spoken;
Her big brown eyes reflected back
Her young heart's loving token.

She 's grown since then to girlhood fair ;
My treasured friend is she ;
The same brown eyes and winning ways
Come lovingly back to me.

When forth I go where suns ne'er set,
To lands afar, unknown,
Oh, where shall I find so sweet a friend
That I fondly call my own ?

Squirrel Island, Maine, September 7, 1907.

A Birthday Soliloquy.

From the top of the hills I look
O'er valleys and mountains of time,
And the sweep of the years is grand,
And the wealth of their beauty sublime.

In memory backward I go
To happy childhood's careless hours ;
The glitter and glory they knew
Made life seem like fairyland bowers.

I can call back my girlhood days,
When, pulsing with pleasure anew,
Love woke me to generous life,
And God awoke me to duty, too.

The joys of a mother and wife,
Of my friends and kindred so dear,—
Ambition and confidence met,
And a plenty to bid me good cheer,—

All this and more are before me
As out from the hilltops I gaze,
While my children and grandchildren bless me,
And these are my happiest days.

So now 'mid these who surround me,
Whose love and support are my need,
My love and my blessing attend them,
And I give them my hearty Godspeed.

Squirrel Island, Maine, September 7, 1907.
Written for Mrs. Joseph G. Butler, Jr., of Youngstown, Ohio.

Usual Tommy and Curious Kate.

Tommy and Kate held Thanksgiving debate
While by the window talking;
The well and pitiful, from the city-full,
Before on the sidewalk were walking.

Thanksgiving beauties, comforts, and duties
Made up the theme of their chat;
Tom spoke like a sage, in the Usual gauge.
Kate was talking as odd as her hat.

Said Tommy, Be glad for blessings you 've had
Of health and shelter and bread,
For our parents and aunts and dresses and pants,
And the bounties that Nature has spread.

Said Kate, I am sure I cannot endure
To limit my gratitude so ;
I am thankful for ills, for doctors and pills,
And the pleasures we have to forego.

Tom spoke of preachers, of course, and teachers
Who train us in wisdom and truth ;
Of the country we love all others above,
And the privilege given to youth.

Kate mentioned the rain and sorrow and pain,
To which we owe patience and pluck ;
And the studies we hate are blessings elate,
And our blunders are only good luck.

To trial and test we owe what is best ;
And ease and luxury, too,
Are the witches that chill and numb and kill us.
We 're best when we 've something to do.

Newark, N. J., November 26, 1907.

To Celebrate the Wedding

Of Martha Haynes Pratt and Thomas Carter White,
Lewiston, Maine, June 10, 1908.

Not rock and soil,
Not spruce or pine,
Make up our isle's delight;
Not ocean blue,
Nor tides and waves,
Reveal it to our sight.

Our daughters fair,
Our sons elate,—
They make the gladdest thrall;
Our Lover's Lane,
Our true love knots,
Are dearer than they all.

So wed ye well,
Ye Squirrels true!
Love light your every day!
Breathe airs of balm,
Shine summer sun
To greet you on your way.

Squirrel Island, Maine, June 10, 1908.

To My Classmates All.

A Tribute. University of Rochester, Class of '58.

'T was a squadron proud, on the sea of life,
That was built and launched that day,
When in '58 we manned our ships
And sailed o'er the seas away.

There were twenty and two, all staunch and true:
Some, battleships strong and brave,
Some, trim and fleet, like the cruisers swift,
When we started o'er the wave.

'Mid stress and storm the voyage began,
As we sailed at Duty's quest;
Some, lost to our sight, passed quickly on,—
We followed, at God's behest.

They have disappeared from us, one by one,
As the years have glided by;
And now all our fleet is worn and gray,
And the port for us all is nigh.

Full many a scar does each good ship show;
None have passed unscathed away;
There were foes without and foes within,
There were struggles day by day.

Full many a victory, too, we 've won
O'er the earth and sea and sky;

For Lore and Science, Church and School,
Our pennants they gladly fly.

There are tears for those we shall see no more,
And we bless their memories, all;
And we give you cheer, our classmates dear,
Ere we go beyond recall.

God gives us His peace as He speeds us on!
We 'll stand by our colors still,
Till in harbor fair, whose lights we see,
We shall meet by God's good will.

Rochester, June, 1908.

Read at the fiftieth anniversary of graduation from the University of Rochester of the Class of 1858, at which occasion there were present of the class, Thomas Dransfield, Esq., Professor Jacob S. Gubelmann, D.D., Rev. Henry L. Morehouse, D.D., LL.D., Major-General Elwell S. Otis, U. S. A., Professor Francis B. Palmer, Ph.D., Rev. A. J. Padelford, D.D., and the writer.

Our Lady of the Stars.

Not fashion's foibles bound her sky,
Not petty wasted hours employ,
Not gossip's venom-stinging tongue
Engage her life or make her joy.

Not petty jealousy's demands
Narrow her soul to selfish things;
Not proud ambition's sharp designs
Limit the circling of her wings.

Her love of home, of friends, of man,
Lends truest kindness to her life;
The poor a ready helper have,
The home a mother and a wife.

"Ad astra" is the motto grand
That broadens such a life as this;
To them her loving, gen'rous deeds
Point you and me the way of bliss.

An appreciation written for Mrs. Mary E. Bowman on her birthday anniversary, December 7, 1908.

The Rev. Daniel Merrill, A.M.

An Appreciation.

He was a man!
Whatever path of life his feet have trod,
He honored it;
And well he served his fellow men and God.

His scroll of life
Emblazoned is with many-mannered praise;
A soldier he
Thru Revolution to its crowning days.

A college youth,
He took the honors that fair Dartmouth gives,

And followed on
To fit him for the life the pastor lives.

Settled at length,
He leads his people into "pastures new,"
And builds the church
That follows Christ in what He bids them do.

In missions, too,
He sees the world has need of saving grace;
And so is formed
The aid soci'ty, first to take its place.

To churches weak,
As Paul, he goes about to plant and build;
To error bold
His pen with Gospel argument is filled.

Where'er you see,
This pioneer in Christian-conquest won;
In spirit brave
The modest hero's glorious work is done.

It lives today!
And from the far, yet unforgotten, past
It comes to life
As justly owned and blest of God at last.

So sleeps his dust
At Sedgwick, Maine, where his great work was done
Among his church,
Who with him shall be "shining as the sun."

Mount Vernon, N.Y., February 10, 1909.

The Rev. Daniel Merrill, A.M., was my revered grandfather. As a youth he served three years in the Revolution. He was graduated from Dartmouth College in 1789, and settled at Sedgwick, Maine, as pastor. He was a member of the Legislature three years, during which service he secured the charter of Colby College, on the Board of Trustees of which he served till his death. He was three years one of the Governor's Council of Maine. He was the first settled pastor in Sedgwick, Maine, and became a Baptist with practically his whole church in 1806. He was pastor there till 1816, and in Nottingham-West, N. H., till 1820, when he returned to the pastorate of the Sedgwick church. There he died June 3, 1833. One son, the Rev. Thomas W. Merrill, became the founder of Kalamazoo College. Another son, the Rev. Moses Merrill, died in the service of the American Baptist Missionary Union as a missionary to the Otoes, an Indian tribe residing on the Platte river near its mouth. There the first white child born in Nebraska, the writer of this volume, first saw the light.

The Little Torch.

No matter how the days go by
Where plenty rules the hour,
It is not always sunshine there,
Nor always life-in-flower.

Let genius star the gleaming sky,
  Let beauty brightly glow,
Let culture, wit, and wisdom vie!
  It is not always so.

And when the clouds eclipse them all,
  And life seems dark and drear,
Bring out this little torch of mine
  Of love and hope and cheer.

So "Markie," "Meemie," "Lala," "Dode,"
  And "Deedie," "Mela," "Dolly,
With all these gifts and with this torch
  May evermore be jolly.

It may be smaller than the sun,
  Forgotten in your glory;
But when the greater lights are out
  This torch will tell its story.

So on this birthday debonair,
  When all these blessings wake,
Please don't forget this little torch,
  Just for affection's sake.

For the birthday celebration of Mark D. Stiles, Esq.
Mount Vernon, N.Y., February 14, 1909.

In Memoriam.

Hattie E. Vanderveer.

A tiny, helpless babe
She came to earth, unknown;
A mother's arms her cradle,
A father's strength her own.

Kind fortune also made
Her gift "the magic chalice,"
And bounty's envied store
Made home seem like a palace.

Love lighted up her way
With tend'rest ray serene,
For lovers vowed their troth
To her, their chosen queen.

Friends thronged to give her joy,
And gladdened every hour;
Her kindred loved her well,
And owned her gentle power.

The cheer of grace divine
Was th' leaven of her ways;
The joy she gave away
The pleasure of her days.

'Mid evergreens and flow'rs
We laid her form to rest ;
Her spirit with her Saviour
Forevermore is blest.

Age is no faded bloom !
It is no tree in blight !
It is no dark'ning hour,
It is the dawn of light !

Mount Vernon, N.Y., January 21, 1909.
She passed away at her home in Amsterdam, N.Y., December 21, 1908.

Calvary Choir.

A Valentine.

O where is the home of Duty ?
Is it where true courage dwells ?
O where lives the soul of Beauty ?
Is it Music's voice that tells ?

Do Calv'ry Choir's "numbers"
Mean more than records know ?
The voice prophetic slumbers,
And the seer alone can show.

In this Leader and this Choir
Lo ! he tells "the quest is found" ;

And these gifts that wake desire
In your faithful hearts abound.

When you brave the winter's chills,
When you conquer weary miles,
Then the heart with music fills,
Then the soul of Duty smiles.

So fare on, ye sons and daughters,
Music lures you to her shrine;
And o'er all life's troubled waters
She shall be
Your Valentine.

Mount Vernon, N.Y., January 27, 1909.
Written for the choir leader, Professor E. M. Bowman, and a copy was by him sent to each member of the choir on Valentine's day, 1909.

For the Wedding

Of Grace Parker Doyle and Dr. Alonzo J. Shadman.

Ring youthful laughter gladly out!
Swing high the blooms o'er beauty's head!
For wedding-bells are chiming forth,
And gladness reigns where lovers wed.

The maiden dwells on Squirrel Isle,
Where summer air is full of life;

This lucky swain, he wooed her there
And won this "Squirrel" for his wife.

Who but a doctor would have known
How such a heart-disease to smother!
Who but a woman would have changed
So big a heart for just one other!

So send them forth with shouts and cheers
Together on life's stormy waters;
And when we meet, in after years,
We 'll help count up their sons and daughters.

Mount Vernon, N.Y., January 22, 1909.
At Hotel San Remo, New York City, January 28, 1909.

An Appreciation.

Mrs. Ada F. Allen, deceased January 24, 1909.

My tears are blinding
As with blow on blow,
Because another of our dear ones goes.
My heart is finding
That the shadows grow:
The grave the bitt'rest is of earthly foes.

What if we 're lonely,—
Death no mercy knows !
He robs us of the best we have in store,
And cares not, only
That his greed he shows,
And draws the shadows round us more and more.

Her head we pillow
'Neath the earthly sod ;
Her step is hushed, her word and work are o'er ;
Beneath the willow,
In the care of God,
Our loved one sleeps till time shall be no more.

Her gen'rous giving,
Her deep affection,
They sanctify a mem'ry truly grand ;
Her Christian living,
Our fond reflection
Exalts to heights that answer God's command.

The life unending
She forfeits never ;
Her lot the better as the ages roll.
Her soul, ascending,
Is with God forever ;
Her name is blazoned on the heav'nly scroll.

Mount Vernon, N.Y., February 1, 1909.

Their Three Seasons.

Robert Wilson and Amelia Meston Wilson.

I see them now, those friends of old:
The flush of Spring is on their cheeks;
Their plighted troth to each they hold,
And love to life its blessing speaks.

I see, anon, the Summer sun;
Its noontide-heats upon them pour;
Their children greet them one by one,
And gladness lingers at the door.

Death makes its choices,—who knows how?
And little graves enfold their own;
And griefs with tearful burdens bow
These hearts, with love the stronger grown.

But brave and gen'rous, both serene
Address themselves to do life's task;
Their children, beautiful of mien,
Bring home the cheer its duties ask.

The Autumn days around them close,
The yellow leaf scarce shows the "sere";
The household head finds death's repose,
And death has parted those so dear.

Awhile that mother's cheerful face,
Devoted, smiles at Duty's call;
She sees her children find their place
With fortune beaming over all.

She counts her keepsakes o'er and o'er,
And them to ashes sadly burns;
Her earthly loves claim her no more,
The call from heaven she discerns.

So Winter never came to chill,
Nor age to fix its feeble sway;
But Summer, Spring, and Autumn fill
For these, my friends, their life-bouquet.

Mount Vernon, N.Y., February 8, 1909.

To Mr. and Mrs. Albert S. Burlingham,

For their Wedding Anniversary.

All hail to the pair who are so gallant and fair,
Who live in such comfort and bliss;
They began rather late, but such was their fate!
They 've got to make up for all this.

And the kisses their due they must surely pay, too;
And how many wooes and caresses!
Oh, is n't it dainty! It makes you feel fainty
To think of the sweets their home blesses.

Around them the traces of once loving faces,
That make all the rooms so serene;
E'en the furniture there has a look and an air
Of welcome and beautiful mien.

With memories tender, this wife and defender
Are journeying on thru the years;
The storms shall blow over, and honey and clover
Be with them forever — the dears.

Mount Vernon, N.Y., February 9, 1909.

To My Daughter, Mary Merrill.

"My sweet lamb," on her birthday, 1903.

For faults and failings great God's mercy I await,
If Heaven's gate at last I enter in;
But to you, in joy or bale, father-love can never fail.
God be thanked that in this there is no sin!

Love's favor in your breast flows out at love's behest:
A father waits a suppliant at the door.
Love-words are more than gold, love-kisses wealth untold!
Age needs them as it gathers, more and more.

These quick'ning years will pass, and you and me, alas,
The river-side of Death will surely part!

Loving Mem'ry then should stand, with her garlands
in her hand,
To cheer and fortify the stricken heart.

So far, so far away! has gone the happy day
When first we came together, you and I,
And I held my world of charms, when I took you in
my arms
And sang to you a father's lullaby.

I watched those eyes of blue, till Heav'n seemed
shining thru;
No angel-voice could ever be so sweet;
And your little baby ways won a doting father's praise:
You made the hours flit with nimble feet.

Your chatter could beguile, your kisses be my wile,
I almost seemed to live alone in you;
And you grew my daily care, and were with me
everywhere,—
What wonder that I 'm longing as I do?

So I shut my eyes, and lo! to childhood back we go,
And my aged heart is happy as I am;
For with dolls and dresses gay, you are with me one
sweet day
Content to be your papa's "little lamb."

Athens, Greece, January 15, 1903.

Song of Solomon, v. 16: "This is my friend."

The Rev. Cortland Myers, D.D.

How great the worth of thy true heart,
That bears our load of woes,
That beats with hope for struggling man
Who, mad, to ruin goes.

Its pangs are keen; its tension grows
As sin reveals its sting,
While lips that sink in surge of death
With hellish laughter ring.

Oh, small the reck the throng doth know
That robs thy heart-of-peace,
Who in Christ's place must bear the cross
To bring lost souls release.

Shepherd of love! thou pastor true!
The stray ones thou dost seek
In humble cot or castled walls,
Or in the desert bleak.

In boyhood, manhood, always thus,
Unselfish — like thy Lord;
His word thy law, His aim thy goal,
His guerdon thy reward.

Sin quails before thy righteous gaze,
Beguilers shrink and flee,
Hell knows thou art its enemy
And plots thy fall to see.

Stand fast, brave heart! No harm shall come,
Thy Lord is by thy side;
In His own hand He holds thee safe,
No evil can betide.

God spare thee long! God speed thee well!
God give thee tongue of flame!
God hear thy prayer: reward thy toil
With treasures in His name!

Raleigh, N. C., February 17, 1904.

The Land of Burns.

By the banks of Bonny Doon
The murmuring currents run,
Flanked by trees and grasses fresh
And trembling to the sun.

And yet today new beauty lives
Amid its rippling tides:
For him whose soul the poet charms
Sweet poesy abides.

She whispers to the waiting heart,
  She lures the list'ning ear,
She thrills the soul with thoughts divine —
  The thoughts that poets hear.

Here lingers thy spirit,
  Thou proud child of song !
For the day of thy waking
  The world waited long.

These woods and these waters,
  They murmur thy name ;
These shadows and sunshine,
  They picture thy fame.

Thy form may be lost
  Like the leaf that floats by ;
Like sparkle or murmur,
  Like cloud in the sky ;

But the peasant who 's here
  Lives more at his ease,
And man 's more a man
  For thy words on the breeze.

The world feels the zest
  Of thy generous verse,
And the chains and the dungeons
  Have lightened their curse.

When Liberty wooed thee
With love like a god,
Thou gav'st her thyself,
And her heights thou hast trod.

Her banner of manhood
She brought from afar,
And thou, her knight-errant,
Went forth to her war.

While the tides of the ages
Sweep onward forever,
The world will break tryst
With thy memory — never.

Let columns and monuments
Rise to thy fame!
Let the world own thy power
And blazon thy name.

Written at Ayer, and printed in the Ayershire Post, October 9, 1902.

Impromptu.

On hearing of the death of Lieut. G. W. Brown.

Another brave in a soldier's grave
Hath lain him down to sleep;
In the battle-smoke, with the sabre stroke,
No more his step shall keep.

The heart so leal and the arm of steel
Are palsied, aye, for strife;
But the noble deed and the patriot's meed
Are left of the hero's life.

The sods may close o'er his calm repose,
With our country's flag around him;
Yet Liberty's hand, with a victor's band,
In Death's cold arms hath bound him.

Not length of years, nor woes, nor fears,
Compose a record grand;
Who grasp the right, and speed its might,
Serve God and fatherland.

Drop we a tear o'er the early bier
In token of our sorrow,
While the Army bleeds that the hands she needs
Must idle be tomorrow.

But the bugle call and the battle ball
Again shall rouse him never;
He fought and fell, he served us well,
His furlough lasts forever.

Carlton, N.Y., May 22, 1862.

John White Philbrick, Deceased.

Of Waterville, Maine.

Blest is the memory of such a saint,
Whose life is quiet walk with God,
Who does not weary and is never faint
'Neath victor's crown or sorrow's rod.

He goes to God from out the wreck of age,
Calm and unfearing at the call.
No words are needed at life's closing page:
His life is word enough for all.

So sleeps he, peaceful as a tired child
Who slumbers 'mid his childish play;
So wakes his soul in Heaven undefiled—
At home with Christ in endless day.

He 's found the company he lost erewhile,
Companion, noble sister,* son;†
They wait content, beneath the Father's smile,
Till all shall join them—one by one.

Athens, Greece, January 17, 1903.
*Hannah Philbrick Elden, one of the world's best women.
†Captain Herbert S. Philbrick, U.S.A.

A Lassie's Scrap-Book.

It only has two covers
To cover up its treasure!
Who 'd think that leaves of paper
Such secrets fond could measure?

It mostly has mementoes
Of meets and rides and dances;
Between the lines you read, tho,
Of sighs and words and glances.

Its printed schemes were blank, once,
But now they bear addresses
That mem'ry holds in keeping
Of gallants' deft caresses.

One name, perhaps, is oft'nest,
No other eye would note it;
One pleasure gleams the plainest,
Tho none might dare to quote it.

One picture, manly, winning,
So good, so kind, so human,
She shelters in its keeping,
And who can blame — a woman?

Squirrel Island, 1909.

For the Wedding

Of Emma King Foss and Arthur Emil Kusterer.

Tomorrow you are wed.
Oh, that is more than dreaming!
Imagination, Fancy, Art,
Ah, what can link us heart to heart?
'T is *being* more than *seeming*.

Tomorrow you are wed.
One current bears you ever:
Where two in self and interest dwelt,
One pulse, one life, one hope are felt,
And God shall part them never.

Tomorrow you are wed.
Earth surely knows no brighter hour —
Hope flies another pennant true;
Home has another light for you;
Love seeks no lovelier bower.

Tomorrow you are wed.
Bend rainbows gently o'er you;
Health, honor, joy, affection vie
To bless you as the hours fly
Like heaven-gleams before you.

Squirrel Island, Maine, October 2, 1908.

The Reverend Professor Lawrence Phelps, D.D.

A Tribute.

O thou heart of the midnight sun,
Shining out benignant and clear,
The work of thy life has been done
In radiance of love and good cheer.

The parish has all to commend,—
As pastor, no lamb was forgot;
The student has found thee his friend,
However unfortuned his lot.

Society, affluence, ease,
These had for thy welcome no thrall;
The heart of thy Master to please
Finds thee ready to list to His call.

Thus sunshine pours out on thy way,
So simple, so faithful, so true;
The midnight of need is thy day,
The meed of the helper thy due.

New York City, April 9, 1909.

My Dearie.

Ah, when shall I see my dearie!
My heart is growing aweary,
As sadly and slow the dull moments go;
Can you tell me why they linger so
And keep me away from my dearie?

This waiting, waiting is weary;
Come to me, come to me, dearie!
The hours away time cannot repay,
And the shadows are clouding my day
While I am away from my dearie.

Is it not, is it not dreary
To be away from your dearie?
She smiles, it is true, but not upon you;
What shall an envious lover do
So far away from his dearie?

Yes, sad are the days and dreary
That keep me away from my dearie.
When shall be prest the sweet lips, kiss carest,
As I clasp thee, my own, to my breast,
No more to be parted, my dearie?

Rochester, N.Y., September 6, 1861.

Hymn.

Thy house we enter, Lord, today,
  Thy presence we would humbly seek;
Guide our devotions, Lord, we pray,
  Thy favor on our thoughts bespeak.

How oft dost Thou with voice sublime
  Reveal to us Thy holy will;
But we defer God's harvest time —
  Our own weak councils to fulfill.

This hour be Thou, O guest divine!
  A present power in every heart;
To Thee our wills may we resign,
  In Thine own will to have a part.

So shall whatever we may do,
  Alike in movement or delay,
Be to our Master's wishes true
  As we with cheerfulness obey.

Baldwinsville, N.Y., December, 1866.
Written on making a plea for a new church edifice.

Our Friends.

Our loved ones love us. But how oft
The busy cares and duties that annoy
Conceal their better natures, and, alas!
Affections too concealed defraud our joy.

Our loved ones love us. But they see
What limping heroes we can be, at best;
Our faults and foibles hide our nobler selves,
Till life is gone and love is unexprest.

But Friendship sees perspective, too;
Ourselves, exalted, she in love arrays,
As summer haze the beauty magnifies,
And summer haloes soften summer days.

God bless our friends! They see in us
Their own sweet thoughts reflected and enshrined;
Ideals of worth and taste, honor and truth,
Their mirror sure for them shall quickly find.

Squirrel Island, Maine, 1895.

An Algiers Swain.

There 's a noble youth, my dears,
And he lives in gay Algiers,
And he puts the girls in tears,
Don't you know !

'Twixt the English maid's advances,
And the Spanish girl that dances,
Why the former has no chances,
Don't you know !

He 's a broad and manly height,
And his eyes are black as night,
And they flash with wild delight,
Don't you know !

And tho he 's young in years,
He 's a life that warms and cheers,
And a soul that brooks no fears,
Don't you know !

He 's a will that 's strong, forsooth !
He 's a patriotic youth,
And the very soul of truth,
Don't you know !

While many waste their days
He to business bends his ways,
And deserves the highest praise,
Don't you know!

When the crowd have met their fate,
He 'll be stalwart and elate,
And, mayhap, among the great,
Don't you know!

Underneath his coal-black thatch,
He 's a very pretty catch
For the maiden and the match,
Don't you know.

Written for John Torrstes, Secretary of Consul Kidder, April 13, 1901.

On Meditating a Visit to Palestine.

To be where Jesus died for me,
My Saviour, King, and Guide,
Where all His heart's rich treasure poured
To bring me to His side!

What could my heart in answer do,
'Mid such a scene as this,
But taste, 'mid thankfulness and tears,
The Cup of pard'ning bliss?

Athens, April 15, 1903.

The Fukuin Maru.

(The Gospel Ship in the Inland Sea of Japan.)
Captain Luke W. Bickel.

Ships have come and have gone
'Mid these beautiful isles;
Have been mirrored in seas
That are dimpled in smiles.

No ship has brought cargo
Half so precious as you,
O Fukuin Maru
Of the A. B. M. U.

Life comes with thy presence,
And light gleams from thy sails;
May the Lord of the isles
Give thee favoring gales.

And glad be the nation
That has welcomed thy stay,
Whose night of delusion
Will give place to the day.

God give thee, O Captain,
The full hire of souls,
His favor be with thee,
Whose Spirit controls.

Tokyo, Japan, October, 1906.

Praise to Our God.

How wonderful Thy love,
O Father of us all!
That e'en Thy weakest creature
Is held within its thrall.

It no distinction makes
Of favors or of bars,
And like the ether reaches
To the very farthest stars.

It is not blind nor reckless,
It knows no great nor small,
But shrines His gracious image
In the inmost soul of all.

Whose hand like His so tender!
Whose love like His so true!
Whose patience so forgiving
As God's has been to you!

One thing alone He asks you,
'T is *that* His heart doth crave,
That heart for heart you give Him
Who lives your soul to save.

In sin's hard chains He finds you,
In death's unbroken gloom;
His loving hand unbinds you,
He vanquishes the tomb.

Shall sin still hold dominion?
Shall you yet wayward be?
O hear His voice of Mercy,
Come, sinner! come to me.

Squirrel Island, Maine, July, 1908.

Good-Bye.

My loves and lovers — where are they?
Some, as I look these pages o'er,
Tho old, I see them bright and gay,
And hear their voices as of yore.

The years have fled, yet they 're the same;
This air and sunshine know not change;
I shut my eyes and call your name,—
'T is silence! Only that is strange.

To you, my loves, thru all the years
I give my lover's troth to you!
Who left me, here for you are tears;
Who 're living yet, I love you true.

New York City, April 10, 1909.

MERRILL GENEALOGY.

MERRILL GENEALOGY, RECORD.

Largely due to the diligent, prolonged, persevering labor and unstinted expenditure of means by General Lewis Merrill, of Philadelphia, Pa.

1 — The Immigrant, [2]Nathaniel Merrill, settled in Newbury, Mass., 1635.

2 — [6]Abel, b. 6 February, 1644; m. Priscilla Chase, 10 February, 1671.

3 — [1]Abel, b. 28 December, 1671; m. Abigail Stevens, 19 June, 1694.

4 — [4]Thomas, b. 29 July, 1702; m. Abigail Bartlett, 19 June, 1729.

5 — [6]Thomas, b. 27 March, 1739; m. Sarah Friend, 22 January, 1762.

6 — [2]Daniel, b. 18 March, 1765; m. first, Joanna Colby, 14 August, 1792; second, Susanna Gale, 14 October, 1794.

7 — [5]Moses, b. 15 December, 1803; m. Eliza Wilcox, 1 June, 1830.

8 — [1]Moses Daniel, b. 25 July, 1831; m. Emily Jane Hanna, 3 May, 1864.

8 — [2]Samuel Pearce, b. 13 July, 1835; m. Amanda H. Wentworth, 23 April, 1863.

9 — [1]Mary Emily, b. 20 February, 1871.
[2]Moses Daniel, Jr., b. 7 April, 1873.
[3]Tirzah Halicia, b. 2 March, 1875.
Children of Moses Daniel.

9 — [1]Edward Wentworth, b. 30 June, 1865; d. 21 May, 1886.
[2]Mary, b. 15 January, 1876.
[3]John, b. 6 December, 1880.
Children of Samuel Pearce.

WILCOX GENEALOGY, RECORD.

BY S. P. MERRILL.

1 — The Immigrant, William Wilcockson, from St. Albans, Hertfordshire, England, by ship Planter, 26 May, 1636; settled at Windsor and then at Stratford, Conn.

2 — [4]Samuel, b. ; m. Hannah ———, settled at Simsbury, Conn.

3 — [1]Samuel, b. 15 April, 1666; m. Mindwell Griffin.

4 — [8]Ephraim, b. 4 February, 1707; m. Hannah Hill, of Simsbury.

5 — [2]Silvanus, b. 14 November, 1733; m. Chastina Curtis, of Simsbury.

6 — [2]Silvanus, b. 26 May, 1762; m. first, Sarah Johnson, 28 April, 1785; second, Sally Hamilton, 19 October, 1831.

7 — [8]Eliza, b. 3 June, 1800; m. Rev. Moses Merrill, 1 June, 1830.

8 — [1]Moses Daniel.
[2]Samuel Pearce.

See above, in Merrill Genealogy.

EXPLANATORY:

Figures before *names* signify the number of the child in the family; *b.* — born; *d.* — died; *m.* — married; figures before *lines* — generation including immigrant.

S. P. MERRILL.

Rochester, February 11, 1888.

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